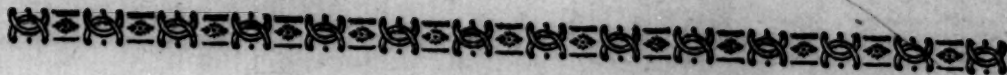
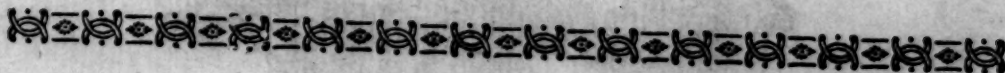


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T H E
P A T R I O T.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]



THE PATENT OFFICE

THE

PATENT OFFICE



[Printed One Sealing and Sixpence]

THE PATENT OFFICE

THE
P A T R I O T.

A

P O E M.

Inscribed to the Supporters of the Bill of Rights.

With Love of Freedom and Britannia fir'd,
My ev'ry Thought by Zeal for them inspir'd;
Stranger to Fear, undaunted I'll oppose
All who are mine, because my Country's Foes.

Page 9.



L O N D O N :
Printed for the A U T H O R,
And sold by T. E V A N S, at No. 54, in P A T E R N O S T E R - R O W.

[1773.]

THE
P A T E N T
O F



P O E M

intended to the Supremacy of the Bm of Rights

With Love of Freedom and Britannia's Soil
My every Thought by Zeal for them inspired;
Strangers to Fear, undaunted I'll oppose
At what expense, I deem my Country's loss.

Page 2



L O N D O N
Printed for the A U T H O R

At the W T E V A N S, at No 42 in PATERNOSTER ROW.

TO THE
SUPPORTERS OF THE BILL OF RIGHTS,
THE ABLE, ZEALOUS, AND STEADY ASSERTORS
OF
THOSE GLORIOUS PRIVILEGES,
NEVER TO BE TOO HIGHLY VALUED,
WHICH SO PECULIARLY AND HAPPILY DISTINGUISH
THE ENGLISH NATION,
FROM EVERY OTHER IN EUROPE;
THIS POEM IS,
WITH EVERY SENTIMENT
OF REAL AND UNFEIGNED RESPECT,
INSCRIBED,
BY A LOVER OF FREEDOM AND OF
HIS COUNTRY.

TO THE
SUPPORTERS OF THE BILL OF RIGHTS
THE ABLE ZEALOUS AND STEADY ASSISTERS
OF
THOSE GLORIOUS PRIVILEGES
NEVER TO BE TOO HIGHLY VALUED
WHICH SO PECULIARLY AND HAPPILY DISTINGUISH

THE ENGLISH NATION

FROM EVERY OTHER IN EUROPE

THIS FORM IS
WITH EVERY SENTIMENT
OF REAL AND UNFEIGNED RESPECT
INSCRIBED

BY A LOVER OF FREEDOM AND OF
HIS COUNTRY

THE
P A T R I O T.

WHILST crouds aspire to patriotic fame
How small the number who deserve the name
Of Patriot, subject of the muse's lays
And well deserving every muse's praise;
The venal herd who run the glorious race
Are but staunch Patriots till they get a place,
Which once obtain'd whate'er they were before
Those worthy Patriots Patriots are no more,
But plainly prove self-interest was their aim,
And all their patriotism an empty name.
How much unlike is this degenerate crew
To those in better times Old England knew;
Who justly priz'd their country's rights and laws
And nobly perish'd to defend her cause.

Such

Such were the men, when with a wanton hand
 A Charles play'd the tyrant o'er the land;
 Who greatly dar'd his lawless acts oppose
 And Britain sav'd from its domestic foes.
 Hampden and Pim, whose fame shall always live,
 Accept what praise my feeble verse can give,
 Your country's good was all you had in view,
 Your gen'rous minds no meaner object knew
 Than sculptur'd stone, the free-born muse's praise,
 More lasting trophies to your name can raise:
 She, in her candid, just, impartial page
 Will hand them down to each succeeding age;
 Whilst future times from your example learn
 Freedom's true value rightly to discern:
 That best of blessings ne'er too dear was bought,
 Without it, life is scarcely worth a thought;
 By all the great, by all the good admir'd,
 By it, has every nobler breast been fir'd:
 For it a Brutus shed his precious blood,
 And Cato dy'd the wise, the just, the good.
 With equal beams of splendid glory shine,
 Of British worthies, th' illustrious line;

Men



Men in whose breasts a love of freedom glow'd,
 And in her cause a Roman spirit shew'd :
 Remembrance, grateful, urges me to tell,
 Martyr'd for it, how gallant Raleigh fell:
 Sidney for it, resign'd his gentle breath,
 Smil'd at the tomb and triumph'd over death :
 Great Ruffel next, " infranchis'd by the grave
 " He priz'd his birth-right nor would live a slave."
 Such men were these, nor shall a Wilkes's name
 Unnotic'd pass, the Patriot my theme.
 When in their graves thy enemies shall rot,
 In life detested and in death forgot ;
 Lov'd and esteem'd to death's cold arms betray'd,
 When you, even you, shall be to dust convey'd,
 And your free spirit gains that blissful shore
 Where your lamented Churchill's gone before,
 Whom lov'd when living, mourned in his end,
 The world a poet and you lost a friend :
 To him, by bonds of firmest friendship join'd,
 Such your accordant sympathy of mind ;
 No sep'rate joy, no sep'rate grief you knew,
 Whate'er was dear to him was dear to you :

When

When you shall yield (the day be far remov'd)
 To time's keen scythe, so wept and so belov'd,
 Then shall not perish your immortal name
 But live for ever consecrate to fame;
 Live with applause whilst Patriots are rever'd
 By good men honour'd or by bad men fear'd.
 What tho' but few in those corrupted times
 Of virtues niggard and profuse of crimes,
 Their country love with that pure hallow'd flame
 That, Patriot, claims thy prostituted name;
 Yet shall thy worth from me meet due regard,
 Nor shall thy merit want a fit reward;
 But while to such my warmest praise I give,
 All public villains in my song shall live;
 This shall record their hated names and crimes,
 As bright instruction to the following times;
 To spurn those deeds which spoil all honest fame
 And give their actors o'er to lasting shame:
 Infamously noted W--d---b---ne shines
 Among this flock, and even on fraud refines:
 Of all the ills with which this isle is curst,
 Justly false patriots may be deem'd the worst,

Who,

Who, guardians to the state, by freemen chose,
 Their trust betray and prove her bitt'rest foes :
 And quite regardless of their country's weal
 Her dear-bought rights expose to public sale :
 None once, than him, did ever promise more,
 With louder clamours for their country roar :
 Him have we heard in pleasing strains dispense
 The various powers of tuneful eloquence :
 Well pleas'd, have oft, in fixt attention hung
 On each melodious accent of that tongue ;
 Which Nestor like, with honey'd sweetness flow'd,
 And reason join'd with harmony bestow'd :
 Alas ! quite chang'd from what he was of yore,
 In that good cause his voice is heard no more ;
 Slave to the power of all prevailing gold
 He for some paltry bribe his country fold ;
 Basely employ'd his talents to support
 The servile doctrines of a servile court ;
 Yet those rewards his grov'ling thoughts engage
 Shall not protect him from my satire's rage :
 With love of freedom and Britannia fir'd,
 My ev'ry thought by zeal for them inspir'd ;

Stranger to fear undaunted ill oppose
 All who are mine, because my country's foes.

Thy merits, N---t---n, next I shall rehearse,
 You well may claim the tribute of a verse;
 Equally wanting in both head and heart
 Nature to you did but few gifts impart:
 But to supply the loss of these she gave
 You that low cunning which completes the K--ve,
 Which in plain common sense can find a flaw,
 And comprehend each quibble of the law,
 Which qualifies its votaries to rise
 By such base means as honest men despise.
 May we presume to ask what merit rare
 To N---t---n gave the senatorial chair?
 By such submission he that rank procur'd
 As cannot be by men of sense endur'd;
 For at St. James's all preferment flows
 From that vile source, to it alone he owes
 A seat that on him but confers disgrace
 With no one talent fit to fill the place:
 Unlike to him was O---w, who was blest
 With every grace adorns the human breast;

Fraught

Fraught with each boon of nature and of art,
 Clear in his head and honest in his heart,
 Pleas'd senates heard him whilst in current strong
 Roll'd his impetuous eloquence along;
 In which such strength of argument appear'd
 All with conviction his just reasons heard:
 Thro' life, protector of his country's laws,
 A dauntless champion in great freedom's cause.
 O N---t---n! vainly we shall seek to find
 In thee such magnanimity of mind.

But while with cause an Onflow we admire,
 The son wide differs from his Patriot fire,
 Heir to his fortune he succeeds alone,
 Nor of his virtue makes one ray his own:
 That ardent love for freedom and the laws
 That gain'd his father such deserv'd applause,
 In his mean bosom ne'er a place possess,
 It with a Patriot thought was never blest;
 Ne'er was his breast with amor patriæ fir'd,
 The noblest passion ever breast inspir'd;

Ambition, av'rice, all his thoughts employ,
 Callous to ev'ry other sense of joy;
 Pension and place, sole objects of his view,
 For them he ev'ry dirty work goes thro';
 Consents each honour of his race to stain
 For titles worthless, or for fordid gain;
 His ev'ry act that folly, vice inspire
 Proves him unworthy his illustrious fire;
 Nor think that malice here the pencil holds
 To public view this portrait which unfolds
 His faults, I see with no malignant Eye,
 O----w himself the likeness can't deny.
 Weak tho' my verse I boast impartial lays
 And censure but when truth forbids to praise.

Next N--th comes forth in ministerial state,
 Whole troops of placemen on his footsteps wait,
 Because on him depends their general fate.
 This servile crew in all his favours share,
 Participate his bounty and his care,
 While modest worth neglected flies the court
 Of fawning sycophants the sole resort.

By

By no superior talents rais'd so high
 He looks on genius with invidious eye,
 And long well vers'd in slavery's abject school
 Is Bute's most pliant and obsequious tool.
 When the proud Spaniard insolently dar'd,
 To seize our isles nor British vengeance fear'd,
 (Britons that foremost on the lists of fame
 Climes most remote made tremble at their name)
 N--th to the nation just revenge refus'd;
 Yielded with tameness to be thus abus'd:
 Nor bravely ventur'd in a Brunswic's reign
 To curb thy arrogance, perfidious Spain!
 Not so to act Elizabeth was seen,
 A King in conduct though in name a Queen;
 She, when a Spanish fleet disturb'd her reign,
 Maintain'd her empire o'er the subject main;
 Made for his rash attempt, the Spaniard bleed,
 Whilst medals * told a woman did the deed.

All

* Several medals were struck off in honour of Queen Elizabeth, on occasion of a famous victory, obtained in her reign, by the English, over the Spanish fleet: on the medals was engraved this inscription, Dux fœmina facti. The pride and vanity which are the distinguishing characteristics of the Spanish nation, had induced them

All hail Elizabeth ! whose deeds shall shine
 E'en ages hence and grace the regal line :
 Of praise deserv'd thy virtues have not fail'd
 But o'er the power of time itself prevail'd :
 Still do the worthy venerate thy name
 And years revolving but augment thy fame.
 Had the base tyrants of the Stuart race,
 Who on true royalty reflect disgrace,
 Been taught by thee, their subjects love alone
 To make the basis of their stedfast throne :
 Deem'd it like thee their chiefest joy to see
 A grateful people flourishing and free ;
 Conscious that they their happiness bestow'd,
 That from their care the bliss of millions flow'd ;
 Then had not Charles, to end his people's strife,
 And save their freedom, parted with his life ;
 Nor dup'd by doctrines of the jesuit's school
 James fled from realms that he was born to rule :

Oh !

to bestow upon their fleet the haughty and pompous appellation of the Invincible Armada. They were soon, however, fatally convinced of their error in giving it that title, by the shameful and ignominious defeat which they suffered from the English, who were by no means equal to them in number.

Oh! was to monarchs this wise lesson known
 Their people's interest must include their own;
 Were they convinc'd their love was always found
 The strongest chain by which they can be bound;
 That the true glory of a king's to see
 His subjects happy, independent, free
 From servitude that ills unnumber'd rife
 No solid bliss unbounded power supplies:
 Were these great truths by monarchs once confess'd
 And deep engrav'd on every kingly breast,
 A zeal for freedom kings would then display
 Nor madly aim at arbitrary sway;
 From that alone seek permanent applause
 Nor place their joy in trampling on those laws,
 First fram'd on reason's most enlighten'd plan
 To speed the intercourse of man with man.

In all the fritter'd fopperies of France,
 His father's hope, see the young Cub * advance;
 For ministerial measures he declaims
 With the same glorious spirit which he games;

He

* Mr. C—s F—x.

He scorns his genius meanly to confine,
 Gambler and orator at once he'll shine,
 White's doughty hero, and St. Stephen, thine.
 Judicious does his every hour divide
 'Twixt schemes of avarice, vanity, or pride;
 And changing still with fashion's varying hour
 Is only constant as a tool of power.

From vile corruption all our evils flow
 To it, our num'rous grievances we owe:
 Thro' ev'ry rank the dire contagion spreads
 To thirst of wealth all suppliant bow their heads;
 And wants, the offspring of luxurious vice
 Which from plain nature never took their rise,
 To British breasts an easy entrance find,
 And fill the thoughts of almost every mind;
 Yet this sage maxim, Britons, deign to hear,
 To wholesome council lend a lenient ear:
 Virtue and freedom evermore are friends,
 On public virtue freedom still depends;
 Whilst you your pristine temperance retain
 All crude attacks of tyranny are vain;

In vain shall tyrants urge their stern controul
 That the firm guardian of the intrepid soul
 But when, Oh luxury! thy baleful arts
 Quite damp the genuine ardour of their hearts;
 When low-born wants, to vice alone ally'd,
 Unman their valour and deject their pride,
 Soon shall Britannia's mournful story tell
 The same sad fate which Greece and Rome befell;
 With fruitless grief her once fam'd sons shall see
 Virtue's the chief support of liberty.
 Search thro' the long records of times remote
 How mightiest states of most distinguish'd note
 Their freedom lost, their annals all declare
 The arts of luxury the fatal snare;
 That power destructive false desire creates,
 Body and mind alike debilitates:
 Debases nations, renders them no more
 What their brave ancestors have been before;
 Whom no mean joys of luxury could please
 But to their freedom sacrific'd their ease,
 C. And

And by their valour and their wisdom gain'd
 The height of eminence which they attain'd.
 Such Britons your brave gallant fathers were,
 To follow their example be your care ;
 Like them let honour all your actions guide,
 O'er all your words let sacred truth preside ;
 The glorious rights, for which they durst engage
 The fiercest malice of a tyrant's rage,
 Oh ! unimpair'd, to your descendants give
 Here in full vigour let them always live ;
 In one pure channel uniformly run
 Transmitted down from father unto son.

Ye senators ! inviolably just,
 Who with fidelity discharge your trust ;
 You, whom a people's spoils do not adorn,
 Who places, pensions generously scorn,
 And with unstain'd integrity despise
 The slavish methods by which courtiers rise.
 In all the majesty of woe array'd,
 See, at your feet, your country kneels for aid :

Asks

Asks from your hands for comfort to her grief;
 To her big sorrows minister relief:
 Strive by your deeds to mollify those woes
 Which to her own ungrateful sons she owes;
 By gentle arts her drooping spirits raise,
 Your great reward shall be a nation's praise.

F I N I S.

18

Asks from your hands for comfort to her grief
To her big sorrow's minister relief:
To give by your needs to those who
Which to her own and the ones;
By gentle and her drooping spirit raise,
Your great reward shall be a nation's praise.



U. C. S. D.

